

I will ask you to mark again that rather typical feature of the development of our subject; how so much progress depends on the interplay of techniques, discoveries and new ideas, probably in that order of decreasing importance.

**Sydney Brenner**

That generation's dream, aviled  
In the mud, in Monday's dirty light,  
  
That's it, the only dream they knew,  
Time in its final block, not time  
  
To come, a wrangling of two dreams.  
Here is the bread of time to come,  
  
Here is its actual stone. The bread  
Will be our bread, the stone will be  
  
Our bed and we shall sleep by night.  
We shall forget by day, except  
  
The moments when we choose to play  
the imagined pine, the imagined jay.

**Wallace Stevens**